

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children,
But their subtle suggestion is fairer.
Rare is the rose-bud of dawn, but the
secret that glows in it is rarer.

Sweet the exultance of song, but the
strain that precedes it is sweeter.
And never was poem yet writ, but the
meaning outlasted the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mys-
tery gulches the growing.
Never a river that flows, but a majesty
scepters the flowing.

Keener a Shakespeare that soared, but
a stronger than he did unfold him.
Nor ever a prophet foretold, but a
mighty seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the
painter is hidden and hidden
Into the statue that breathes the soul
of the sculptor is hidden.

Under the joy that is felt lie the in-
finite issues of feeling.
Crowning the glory revealed is the
glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but
that which is symbolized is greater.
Vast the creature and beheld, but vaster
the inward creator.

Back of the sound broods the silence,
Back of the light stands the giving.
Back of the hand that receives thrill
the sensitive nerves of feeling.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed
is outdone by the doing.
The heart of the wooer is warm, but
warmer the heart of the wooing.
And up from the pit where these
shiver, and up from the heights
where these shiver.

Two worlds and shadows swim star-
ward, and the essence of life is di-
vine.

—RICHARD REALF.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

"Now, here's your chance, Jimmy,"
rapped out my chief, one morning.
"Camden town—your own neighbor-
hood, twenty bales of rare silk,
worth thousands, consigned at the
way from Lyons to Jovette's, the big
West end drapers. Jovette's agent
rushes off to the station to meet it—
and finds that some smart rogues have
got there one hour before him, present-
ed forged credentials, and driven off
with the stuff in a van in broad twi-
light."

"Soon after midnight a constable
noted just such a van as described,
suspiciously rounding the corner of
Windygate st., Camden town, and at
that very minute, mark you, some-
one ran up and led him off with a
bagful of silk going on at the
other end of his heart. When he got
tue—van gone, and all beautifully
quiet."

"Jovette's, half mad because the kind
of silk spoils in no time unless kept
very dry, have been here and offered
\$1,000 for immediate recovery."

"Windygate st. is a cul de sac, with
about 50 or 60 houses in it. The silk
may be stowed in any one of them,
and all the local police have done is
to put an extra man on watch at the
open end, on the chance that there will
be an attempt to remove the bales. I
give you 24 hours."

In less than an hour I got to Windy-
gate st. a quiet dead-end road of houses
was a featureless three-story type—and
was in time to see the "special" man
unloading silk with a servant girl
at the opposite corner. He said some-
thing, and she tripped off.

"Thought I knew you, Mr. Glad-
stone. That's the girl at a house half-
way down—knows nearly everyone in
the street, and ready to talk a day.
No, not a ghost of a clew so far, sir,
except the van business. There's the
rut by the curb where it turned, and
then a much lighter one where it was
turned back, unloaded, no doubt;
there's been rain since."

"Excellent! Still, you point a dozen
yards higher up out of sight, and let
me know anything that happens.
There'll be a rag-and-bottle man along
here presently—you understand."

A hurried house—it was barely a 10
minutes' walk. Half an hour later I
was leaving again by the back en-
trance, so dirty and decrepit that
my own wife had given a start. To
hire a barrow and stack some rubbish
on it was simplicity itself; within the
hour I was wheeling it into Windygate
st., shouting hoarsely a record price
for rags and old bottles. At the end
of my arduous round I was only the
richer by a borrowed loaf of unconsid-
erable value.

It must have been about 8 o'clock
when, as I sat studying the Camden
town directory, the most curious, un-
dreamed-of coincidence occurred. Thin
bell rang hesitatingly; a pause, and
then my wife tapped to say that a
young woman, apparently a trouble-
maker, stood upon private busi-
ness. Next moment a young lady, in
widow's weeds, had floated impress-
ively into the room and was raising
her veil from a white, worried face.

"Mr. Gladstone—the police inspect-
or? Then I hope you won't think me
silly, but really, I felt I could put up
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her veil from a white, worried face."

"Indeed? And what made you come
to me, madam?"

"To you? Oh, of course! Why, I
gave them notice to go six weeks back,
and they simply laughed at me. Then
they have not offered a farthing rent.
I have thought of going to the police
for advice, and always he-stated. But
this evening my girl said there was a
homeless constable at the corner; the
Winstons happened to have gone out,
so I slipped on my things, ran up and
asked him if he would mind coming in
to see what was going on, and how I
could get an ejectment notice. The
constable took address on a piece of paper
and told me to come straight to you,
as you would see into it immediately."

I was at the door in two strides.
This queer accident, brought about

so simply, showed the way as clear as
daylight. I had stumbled upon the
case, and should have the silk within
a few hours. I would wait for
no search warrant, nor to ask further
details.

A moment later we were hurrying
toward Windygate st. and—what?
I looked round for our constable
he stepped out from the shadow of
a post.

"Haven't seen any one go in, sir," he
whispered. "The lady asked me to
wait near, in case of anything, I
think we've got 'em easily. I stumbled
at once. No, I'm not relieved for two
hours yet, sir."

Up the steps we went. The servant
girl, very pale, was standing in the
hall. Together we all stood listening
not a sound from below.

"Now, keep cool, madam," I said
"and we'll have a look round down-
stairs. The girl can watch here. By
Jove, yes, every door is locked!"

I pulled out my bunch of keys to try
them. We were standing in the pas-
sage below, the candle-stick shaking in
Mrs. Varney's hand.

"None of mine, sir, I know," she
breathed, nervously. "But do make
haste, sir—couldn't they imprison us
for doing this?—There, that key
looks exactly like the breakfast parlor
one; this door, I'm sure, it's No. 1.
It doesn't quite turn, O, and there's
the door of the big cellar, where we
keep hearing the digging and knock-
ing noises!"

I had forgotten that. Flinging open
the door, I peered down into the black-
ness. "Hand me that lamp—we'll soon
know," I said, and the constable fol-
lowed me down the wooden steps.

"Mind the coals!" came madam's
shaky voice down. "O, be quick! The
cellar runs out under the street. It
sounded as if they... Mercy, it's
the Winstons, come back! Out with
the light, sir—don't move, for heaven's
sake!"

We were half way across the damp,
black space; her voice merged into a
half scream so thrillingly, that on the
spur of the moment I blew the candle
out and gripped the constable's arm.
There was the sound of a heavy door
slammed to, and then heavy footsteps
and deep voices in the passage over-
head.

We had no search warrant—and
there might be a mistake, after all.
Besides, to disclose ourselves might
mean a bad half hour for Mrs. Varney
—if not for us.

The cellar door had evidently been
closed, as no light came down, and the
couple were unafraid. Finally I con-
cluded that the best thing in the cir-
cumstances would be to find some in-
criminating evidence if possible, and
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"Queen's the word, sir," he whis-
pered. "I don't half like it. I just
thought to chance anything. Useless—
something on it—the plate won't shift."
They knew we're down here, mark you
—she that's a cart stopping outside!
Mr. Gladstone, they're clearing off!"

For a time we stood, in a sort of
stupor; then, in a spasm of rage, I
made a dash at that door, deter-
mined to chance anything. The door
resisted our united strain; clearly,
we were pushing against some weighty
object.

"Let them go!" I panted at last.
"We must have them sooner or later—
she'll come down and let us out the
moment they turn their backs."

"Release them, for Jove!" he whis-
pered. "It took something to
frighten that woman, sir?"

And almost simultaneously—shall I
ever forget it?—there came a lull in
the snoring overhead, and then a
voice, thick with nervous laughter,
just out side that door:

"Excellent! Still, you point a dozen
yards higher up out of sight, and let
me know anything that happens.
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here presently—you understand."

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TOLD TO A MARINE

Wigwagging That Relieved an An-
gry Officer's Feelings.

The Spaniards had glunk away from
the Plaza del Este. They had tested
the American marine and they were
satisfied. The buzzard-pinked bones in
the summering valley of Cusco, where
"Fighting Bull" Elliott and his 200 men
trapped the lurking guerrillas, were a
warning to which the Spanish troops
at Cuzco had paid heed. Camp Mc-
Calla was as peaceful as a State gather-
ing of militia. The warships in the
outer harbor of Guantánamo lay still
shining warm blue waters, with no fierce
booming of heavy guns, no roar of
cannon, the timid hammer-headed sharks
so thickly crowding the bay. Boats
filled with jacks were pulling about
between the ships and the shore with
rarely an anxious eye being turned at
the wooded bluffs on either side of the
camp where so short a time before
were hidden the sniping Spanish
guerrillas. On the beach the marines were
busy with the police work of the camp
and the officers on duty loitered beneath
the shade of the mess tent at the base
of the hill, glad of the respite from
actual fighting. Peaceful as everything
seemed, however, there was no relaxa-
tion on duty at the crossroads and at the
salt pond and the danger of a surprise
was eliminated.

Among the officers under the mess
tent the talk was about the three days
of steady fighting they went through
after landing. They knew that they
had done good work, and they were
heroic and some amusing, and were
telling what the folks at home were think-
ing about it all. Pretty soon there
came up from the landing a tall young
Lieutenant of marines. He looked as
natty as on parade in the Brooklyn
Navy Yard, and the contrast he offered,
coming as he did from one of the
most unwholesome places in the world,
was a sight to see. He was a young
man, and his uniform was clean and
shiny, and his face was as bright as
the officers in the land battalion was very
striking. His brother officers greeted
him warmly, for, aside from any per-
sonal reason, a new face was welcome,
as it meant news of some sort from the
other world, from the fleet off Santiago,
or perhaps from home.

The newcomer seated himself on a
box of hardware and joined in the con-
versation concerning the repulse of the
Spaniards in their attack upon the
camp.

"Boys," he said hesitatingly, "I heard
something on one of the colliers to-day
that I don't like. I don't believe it,
but as it concerns you all, I think you
ought to know it."

"Oh, we're not thin skinned any-
more," said one of the officers on shore.
"I'll have to be pretty tough to worry
us after our little experience of the last
few days."

"Well, this will worry you, if any-
thing will," replied the visitor.

"What was it?" asked several.

"Why, I heard," went on the visitor,
"that if it hadn't been for the Cubans
you fellows wouldn't have wiped out."
They say you fumbled the Sunday night
the Spaniards jumped you and that the
Cubans had to rally you. The report is
all over the fleet."

There was just a moment of silence,
while several of the men who had
faced death all through the fighting
without a flinch looked at one another
a little queerly and then grew angry.
The accusation was so unjust, so unex-
pected, coming from their own branch
of the service, too, that they hardly
knew what to say or do. Then a big
fellow with a full black beard grew red
in the face and stood up.

"Who told you that?" he asked as his
eyes flashed in an ugly way.

His brother officer told him, naming
a Lieutenant on one of the ships in the
harbor.

"Go back to him," said the angry
man, "and tell him for me that he's a
liar. Tell him I'm sorry I can't get
over there to say it myself."

So indignant was the speaker that the
other officers forgot for the moment
the reflection upon them contained in
the gaily spoken words, and they laughed.

"No don't tell him," went on the an-
gry officer. "I'll do it myself. I'll let
him know what I think of him, even if
I can't get at him."

With that he abruptly left the shel-
tering mess tent, and strode out into
the blazing sun along the trail leading
up the bluff to where the camp proper
was and where the flag, planted on the
ruins of a Spanish blockhouse the day
before, still stood as a silent witness
to the victory. The officer, still wear-
ing defiance to the impatient Spaniards,
General in Camanara. The others
watched him as he stormed along
through the chaparral, kicking a
variegated land crab from his path-
way. They saw him climb laboriously
up the steep winding ascent and slip
in front of the signal tent where stood
a signal boy leaning against a guy
rope. In his hand he held the red signal
flag with the white square in the cen-
ter. Grabbing it from the private, the
officer made three or four passes in the
air.

"He's calling — a ship," said one of
the officers in the mess tent as he read
the signal.

"What's he going to do?" inquired
one of the others, and we all stood up
to watch him.

The man with the flag kept calling and
calling, and finally there came an an-
swering signal from the ship he wanted.
Then the officers below read this
message from the hill:

"Present Mr. —'s compliments to
Mr. — and say to him that he's a
damned liar."

Whereupon the wigwagger, having
let off steam, came down the hill some-
what mollified. When he reached the
tent again he was greeted with good-
natured jeers.

"And you can tell him," he said to the
visiting marine, "that I'll back it up the
first time I get a chance."

This opportunity never came. Ex-
planations followed the next day, the
offending officer declaring that he had
been repeatedly reported by him, and
a lasting peace was arranged. How-
ever, had the Spaniards been able to
read the American signal code, they
would not doubt have been somewhat
surprised by this particular message.

SCRAPPING FRED FUNSTON

Proved Himself One of the
Bravest Officers in the
United States Army.

A REGULAR BARE DEVIL

General Funston Was Born in Kansas
and is the Son of an Ex-Congress-
man From That State.

Spent Eighteen Months in Cuba Fighting
and Assisting the Natives to Fight Span-
iards—Explored Alaska for the United
States Government, and Crossed the
Famous Death Valley in California.

C. L. Sampson, Major Sergeant of the
Salina (Kan.) Infantry, wrote home
from Manila as follows:

"Now a word about our officers before
closing. Col. Funston, or 'Scrapping
Fred,' as he is called, has proved him-
self to be the bravest officer in the line
and one that the boys will follow
through fire or water. When the fire
is the hottest he moves about unchang-
ingly and waves his arms as he fires.
He has found a place in the hearts of
all men, and if he leads the regiment
will drive the hosts into the sea."

Sid Barber, of the Allene company
wrote: "Col. Funston is a bird. Around
here they call him the 'flying devil' from
his habit of moving about unchang-
ingly and waves his arms as he fires."

Mr. Bishop, commander of the
Salina company in the Twentieth Kan-
sas, wrote of the charge at Calococan as
follows:

"Col. Funston realized that success
depended upon haste, and as he hurried
up and down the line urging us on to
Calococan we realized that we had the
bravest Colonel that ever led a regi-
ment, and that the brave Kansas
boys responded to the commands."

Writing from Calococan, Burton
Mitchell, of Iloa, said that when the
fighting commenced on the night of Feb. 4
he was sent to escort the wife of Col.
Funston and another lady down to the
Kansas barracks in Manila. The next
day the regiment got to the firing line,
and subsequent proceedings are thus
recounted: "It was my first experience
under fire, and when the bullets began
to drop all around my legs began to
shake and my natural inclination was
to dodge, but when I saw Fred riding
up and down behind the firing line as
if on dress parade it seemed to give us
all confidence and we braced to the
work wonderfully."

"The next afternoon (Monday) we
made the niggers run for about three-
quarters of a mile, and established a
new line. They had strong intrench-
ments across the road and were well
fortified along the line. The Colonel
(Fred) led this charge on his horse
with his hat off, calling on the men to
come on, which they did with a will. I
came near getting plucked that after-
noon by a sharpshooter who had been
giving us lots of trouble, when my com-
panion hollered 'Duck!' and quick as a
flash I dropped my head down behind
the wall, when a bullet came over
where my head had been and hit the
ground just behind me. On Friday our
regiment got orders to capture Calococan,
and after the gunboats had shelled
the place a while we heard the Col-
onel's voice saying: 'Forward! Ad-
vance, double time, fring!' And the
way those Jayhawkers did come
through the town and a mile and a half
beyond!"

Col. Funston was born in Kansas and
is the son of an ex-Congressman from
that State. He was graduated from the
State University of Kansas and then
became a newspaper man at Fort
Smith, Ark. While there he saw hard
fighting during the Indian outbreaks,
joining the troops on several occasions
and remaining with them through a
winter campaign. After leaving Fort
Smith he joined a Government expedi-
tion to Death Valley in the southern
part of California, where he was a
geological investigator. Death Valley is said
to be the most desolate waste in this
country. The expedition suffered every
kind of privation for nine months, in
which time Col. Funston took the re-
cord of the highest temperature ever
measured for any Government, which
was 165 degrees Fahrenheit.

Returning from this expedition he
took a leave of absence to visit his
family, and then he was ordered to
explore Alaska, and for two
years he wandered about there alone.
After a rest of several months he went
to Mexico and Central America on a
private venture, it being his object to
get options on land for coffee planta-
tions. The project needed more finan-
cial support than he could secure in the
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The routine of this post was monoton-
ous to him, and three months later he
surprised his friends by enlisting as a
private in the Cuban Army. His pro-
motion in that service was rapid. Soon
he was made Lieutenant, then Captain,
then Major, and finally he was put in
command of all the artillery force east
of Havana. During the eighteen
months he spent in Cuba he was in
twenty-three battles, had his left arm
mutilated by a shell, received a Mauser
bullet in his left lung, and was sick of
the fever for two months. Once while
leading a battery to a point of vantage,
he had his horse shot under him. The
hose rolled on Funston's right leg,
crushing the thigh. His campaigning
by this time, rendered him a
physical wreck and not feeling able to
continue in the service he asked to be
retired. His request was granted. On
the way to the coast, however, he was
captured by the Spanish. He was com-
pelled to die, not later, being put on
parole, escaped and went to New York.

When war was declared against
Spain he was commissioned by Gov.
Leidy of Kansas as Colonel of the
Twentieth Kansas Regiment. Later
Gen. Miles sent him to take a place
on his staff. Col. Funston insisted on
keeping his regiment, but he spent sev-
eral weeks with Gen. Miles at Tampa,
saving him the honor of his knowledge
of Cuba. His regiment was stationed
at San Francisco for two months. Six
weeks before it sailed for Manila the
Colonel met a beautiful young woman
of high social position in Oakland,
whom he married the day the transport
sailed for the Philippines.

Queen Victoria's collection of lace is
said to be worth about \$200,000. The
Princess of Wales owns \$400,000 worth
of lace, and the ex-Empress Eugenie
has a splendid collection. But that of
Leo XIII. surpasses them all, being
valued at almost a million of dollars.

ON THE EMPEROR.

MARK TWAIN AS HE LOOKS TODAY.

New York, May 23.—The news of the
death of the Emperor of Brazil, which
was received here this morning, has
been the subject of much discussion.

Any one who has seen the Emperor
will remember that he was a man of
great presence and power, and that he
was a man of great intelligence and
great energy. He was a man of great
character and great courage, and he
was a man of great ability and great
achievement. He was a man of great
influence and great power, and he was
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THE WEAPON OF SCIENCE.

The man with a
spearhead of science
to one who might
himself be called a
man of science.

Any one who has seen the Emperor
will remember that he was a man of
great presence and power, and that he
was a man of great intelligence and
great energy. He was a man of great
character and great courage, and he
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WHY HE LOVES HER.
Other faces may be fairer
Than your face, sweetheart of mine;
Other eyes may be more lovely
Than those true blue eyes of thine.
Other girls may be more graceful
Sweet Rosina, than thou art;
But I care not, O my darling!
You are mistress of my heart.
Other girls may have more learning
Than thou hast, O love of mine!
Others, too, may have complexions
That are lovelier than thine;
But I care not for their graces,
All my love goes out to thee.
Since you're always saying dearest,
What a wonder you think me—
—Chicago News.

A DARING GAME.

Perhaps one of the most curious railway adventures of its kind that has occurred in recent years is the case of Cyril Northcote, which dates back to 1892. Although at the time some facts in connection with this adventure were made public, still, so far as I know, the full details have remained more or less obscured until chance having placed them in my possession, I take this opportunity of making them known, because the incident, in its way, is perfectly unique in the history of railway annals.

Cyril Northcote was a delicate boy of 11, an only son, and the heir to an exceedingly large property. His father had been dead for some few years, and he was perfectly idolized by his mother. They lived at Peddler Court, a couple of miles from the well known watering place of Bournemouth, in the southwest of England, where the Northcotes had held a fine estate for centuries. Cyril was far too nervous and sensitive a boy to be sent to school, and hitherto the wear of the little village of Peddler had been responsible for his education.

His father, Gerald Northcote, had married rather late in life, long after his younger brother, Edgar. Mr. Edgar Northcote lived in Gloucester Terrace, Westbourne Park, and was a barrister—a busy "younger son." His eldest son, Edward, Cyril's cousin, was of that happy (or unhappy) profession known as a "gentleman at large." He had been "down" from Oxford for nearly a couple of years, and report said that reminiscences of his university career were constantly following him in the shape of bills.

He was an exceedingly popular man among his friends and acquaintances, and was considered very handsome by the gentler sex. Curly, fair hair, a silky mustache, a hearty, "laughing" smile, and a knack of being interested in everyone's hobby, were his chief apparent characteristics, though there were some who said that the peculiar "steely" tint in his blue eyes and his reticence on things concerning his own private affairs, were evidences of a deeper undercurrent than most people imagined.

And there were some, too, who thought when they saw Edward Northcote standing beside his pale little cousin, Cyril, it was a pity that the strong and handsome young man should not be heir to the Northcote estates, which, of course, he would have been had there been no Cyril, the estates being entailed in that manner.

And if it could have been known, it would have been found that Edward Northcote thoroughly acquiesced in this view of the case.

Cyril and his mother had come up to town early in December to stay over Christmas at his uncle's, and Edward was most affable to his young cousin. He took him to the theatres, and amused him to his heart's content. And then to the great anxiety of his mother, Cyril fell suddenly ill just before they intended to start for home.

The doctor pronounced it to be a slight attack of typhoid, and added that as he was such a delicate subject, every care must be taken. So a nurse was engaged from St. Gregory's hospital, and she and Mrs. Northcote devoted all their attention to the sick boy. His uncle and aunt were very kind, and Edward was particularly nice to him, sitting constantly in his room and telling him stories.

Typhoid means a long and lingering illness, and it was weeks before Cyril was able to sit up and eat a little solid food. Then it was that his mother one day said to her sister-in-law:

"I'm very anxious about Cyril. The fact is I've had a letter this morning from home, and I really ought to go back and see to several things that have gone wrong during my absence. And yet the doctor says that Cyril mustn't think of travelling for another week."

"But why should that stop you? Cyril's in very good hands here. And we can easily send him on. Why, the nurse could travel down with him next week."

"Yes, I had thought of that. The only thing is that he's never been many days away from me, and I don't like leaving him alone."

"My dear, you really must get over such feelings. He's so very much better, and you must remember that in a few years' time he'll have to leave you for college."

"Yes, I know I'm foolish about it, and perhaps you are right."

Finally it was settled that Mrs. Northcote should depart the next day, and that Cyril should follow with the nurse as soon as he was able to bear the journey.

The next evening, if Mr. Edward Northcote's whereabouts had been carefully sought, he would have been discovered closeted in a room with a gentleman of dark looks and an unmistakable nasal appendage. A decanter of whisky and two half-empty glasses stood on the table, but their discourse did not appear to be so friendly as these tokens of hospitality.

"It's no use, my dear sir," the other was saying, "the money is overdue as it is, and I certainly can't afford to wait any longer."

"Well, try your aunt, then—or that sweet little cousin of yours. He'll have plenty." The dark man paused then said, "Now, look here. Put your name to this little bit of paper, and I'll give you another fortnight's consideration. And that's the last two thousand, four hundred and fifty-seven, sevenpence and ninepence, this day fortnight—well, I shall be under the painful necessity of calling on your governor. Now don't get excited. Have some more liquor, and think it over quietly. That's right—sign your name—must you go? Good night—pleasant dreams!"

And Edward Northcote went out into the street with a better heart. How was he to get the money? Ruin and disgrace stared him in the face if he did not pay up within the prescribed time, for well he knew that one document in the possession of the Jew, if brought to light, would be stamped with the terrible word—Forgery!

Forgery! He saw it glaring in a window of the police station he was passing, printed on the head of a bill offering a reward for the discovery of the offender, and was about to pass quickly on, when his glance fell upon another bill in the window, with these words:

£50 REWARD.

Lost or Abducted.

George Greenfield, a boy aged eleven, fair hair, light grey eyes.

"Abducted!" he muttered to himself. "They'd give a jolly sign to himself, 50 for Cyril if he were stolen. What an idea! By George, if it should prove the way out of it! The little beggar would serve me well. I'll try it if I can hit on a plan, for where there's everything to gain or lose, there is everything to risk for it."

And he sat in his room till the early hours of the morning, smoking and thinking. Once only he went downstairs to the library and brought up a Bradshaw, opening it at the Great Western-Southern Main Line, and carefully consulting its pages with the help of a railway map and a pair of compasses, with which he measured various distances around a junction where the line branches off to Bournemouth. Finally he lay back in his chair and exclaimed: "Eureka! I'm sure that's never been done before. Lucky I know something about the working of the line, and I'm pretty well certain of the right men for the job, too."

For the next three days Edward Northcote was excessively busy. He chummed up violently with a friend who was a student at St. Gregory's, and got an introduction to one or two of the nurses. He went several times to the Great Western-Southern terminus, and carefully watched certain out-going trains. Once he saw a friend off by a train—a rough, "horsey" looking fellow, to whom his last words were: "Well, you'll telegraph from Gloucester when I let you know, and take the next train on, so as to be ready with the trap, and when you get the kid keep him close!" He was most friendly with Nurse Simmons, who was attending his cousin. He promised to make arrangements about the train by which Cyril was to travel, and he paid sundry visits late at night to a gloomy-looking house, opposite the blank wall of Kensal Green cemetery in the Harrow road. Had one entered the house with him on the last occasion one would have seen two evil-looking men and would have heard one of them say:

"Well, guv'nor, it's a very risky game, but it's worth the quids, and we're willing to play it. Now tell me how you think Bill looks in his togs?"

And one would have seen the other, a slight, wiry man, proceed to don a nurse's cloak and bonnet, on the latter of which was a large "golden" hair, and a pad of the same behind to match, and to "make up" his face with pencils and rouge.

"Capital," said Edward Northcote, as the man spoke with a falsetto voice. "It's exactly like Nurse Clarke. But what are you going to wear, Jim?"

"Well," said the other, "I guess I shall get up as an old person, and for safety's sake I shall carry a 'barker.' Now, governor, don't you go back on your bargain. Fifty quid to each of the three of us, besides expenses; that's right, isn't it?"

"That's right. And as soon as the job's done you shall have it. I expect it will be Thursday, but I will let you know."

When he was gone the smaller of the two said:

"Dyer think he wants to make away with the kid, Jim?"

"No, I don't. I fancy he wants him for cash, and, mind ye, there's people that'll pay for the boy more than him."

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Why shouldn't they pay us instead of him—eh? If we nab the kid we'd get more out of his mother for him than out of his cousin. He's a green 'un, he is. Doesn't think we know who it we're kidnapping. But when once we've got the boy, I vote we charge our own price."

"Are you sure you know all about working the—?"

"Quite sure, mate; there'll be no mistake about that. Charlie'll be waiting with his trap and a light in it to guide me where to pull up, and then we'll drive off in a jiffy."

It was finally decided that Cyril Northcote should take his journey on the Thursday of the week following his mother's departure. Edward was most kind in looking out trains, and, on his advice, the 3.50 "West Southern Express" was chosen, because, although late in the day, it was the fastest down. Mrs. Northcote wrote to her sister asking her to be sure and see Cyril and his nurse off, and to put them in charge of the guard. She also promised to meet them at Chipdale Junction, so that they might perform the rest of the journey to Bournemouth in company.

Just about 1 o'clock on the day in question a telegraph boy was seen to knock at the door of the Northcotes' residence in Gloucester terrace, and in a few moments the nurse in charge of Cyril dashed into the dining room as the family were sitting down to lunch and handed Mrs. Edward Northcote the following telegram:

"Father is seriously ill. Come at once. Have wired to St. Gregory's explaining matters, and asked you to sit down with me. I am, dear, your affectionate son, LEONARD."

"But how shall I go when I must take my patient home to-day?"

"Well, we must telegraph to his mother and put it off."

"Oh, why do that?" said Edward. "This telegram leads us to expect a substitute. Well, there isn't a train to Gloucester before 3.00, and perhaps by then another nurse will have arrived who can take charge of Cyril. St. Gregory's is only 20 minutes' drive. At any rate, we must wait a bit before we wire."

Just before 2 o'clock a cab rattled up and a nurse got out of it. She was speedily shown into Mrs. Northcote's presence, and explained that she was Nurse Clarke and had been sent from St. Gregory's as a substitute for Nurse Simmons owing to a telegram the matron had received concerning the illness of the latter's father. Mrs. Northcote rang the bell and called for Nurse Simmons.

"How do you do—I'm so sorry for you," said the other. "The matron sent me at once when she had your mother's telegram."

"Oh, it's you! I'm so thankful you've come!" Then, turning to Mrs. Northcote, she added: "It's Nurse Clarke—as I suppose you know—and I'm sure she will be able to take charge of Cyril on his journey."

"Yes," said the other, "the matron told me about that. It's to-morrow, isn't it?"

"No, we had arranged for it to-day."

"Oh, well, I can easily arrange it. I've come all ready prepared, and will just get you to write a line to my patient's mother. The matron has told me about his case."

Mrs. Northcote told Nurse Simmons she had better hurry off at once and catch her train, but she saw Cyril privately first, and asked her whether she was sure Cyril could be trusted with the newcomer.

"Oh, yes, indeed you can. Nurse Clarke is one of our private staff, whom I know very little personally, as I have never been thrown much with her. But I know of her that she is a most excellent nurse, and the matron could not have sent you a better one."

A little after 3.30 a cab drove down to the Great Western-Southern terminus, and out of it alighted Mrs. Edgar Northcote, Edward, Cyril and Nurse Clarke.

"Hurrah!" said Cyril, as they went to their train on the platform. "We're going in a slip-coachage!"

"So you are," said Edward. "We'd better find out if it's the right one, though. Here's the guard. Is this right for Chipdale?"

"Quite right, sir. We slip this carriage there. The train doesn't stop before Castletown. Where are you for, sir?"

"This young man and his nurse are going to Bournemouth."

"Are you the guard of this carriage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I shall put them in your care. Can you give them a first-class compartment to themselves?"

"Very sorry, sir," said the guard, touching his cap in response to a tip, "but there are only two first-class compartments in this coach, and there's someone in both."

"Oh, this will do," said Cyril's aunt as she looked into a compartment next to that of the guard. "It's an old clergyman, you couldn't have a better travelling companion."

Certainly he looked a harmless enough old gentleman, so the guard put them both in and locked the door. "Right away!"

The long train moved slowly out of the station, Cyril leaning out of the window waving a farewell, the guard of the slip coach jumping into his compartment and shutting the door from within—the doors of all guard's compartments on this line opening inwards.

The guard's compartment of a slip coach is situated at the end of the carriage nearest the engine, and differs materially from the interior of an ordinary brake van. It is of smaller dimensions, but contains some very important appliances. There is a small window at the end, overlooking the "coupling" to the next carriage, and this window the guard must open to properly catch the coupling of the train, and to slip before "slipping" his coach. The latter is effected by pulling a lever, which immediately releases the coupling bar. The body of the train rushes on, while the guard gradually slows down his carriage by applying the brake until it pulls up alone at the station through which the train has just sped.

The time at which this particular coach was to be slipped was about 5.45, and the guard who had performed this duty some hundreds of times, little thought that in this case there was to be a "slip" of a slightly altered character.

A little after 5 o'clock it had grown quite dark, and the guard was just looking over his invoices and other papers when an extraordinary thing happened. The old clergyman in the next compartment, who had been apparently dozing, woke up, made sure that the green goggles on his nose were firmly fixed, remarked to Nurse Clarke, much to the astonishment of Cyril, that it was getting time to do the job, drew out a revolver and examined it, put it back in his side pocket, opened the door, and deliberately got out on the foreboard. Cyril darted forward, but was seized with a strong arm by the nurse, and felt a handkerchief, with a peculiar faint smell pressed over his face. After that he remembered no more.

As for the old clergyman, he moved carefully along the footboard till he could look in upon the guard, and while that worthy was still scrutinizing his papers he suddenly opened the door, sprang in, and before the guard could recover from his surprise a heavy blow on the head, just behind the ear, with a revolver, had felled him to the ground, while the other proceeded to bind his arms behind him with a piece of cord he produced from his pocket for the occasion. This inestimable personage then looked out the window, and signalled to his confederate, who was glancing out of the next compartment, that it was "all right."

"It's from my brother. What am I to do?" said the nurse. "My father lives at Gloucester!"

"Dear, dear! I am so sorry for you. It is most unfortunate, too. When does the next train go to Gloucester?"

"The next train goes to Gloucester."

"But how shall I go when I must take my patient home to-day?"

"Well, we must telegraph to his mother and put it off."

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"How do you do—I'm so sorry for you," said the other. "The matron sent me at once when she had your mother's telegram."

"What do you want? If it's robbery, it's nothing to the van."

"No, it's not robbery. I'm only going to try a little experiment with this carriage."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, I've a fancy to try a little experiment with this carriage. I'll try to get a little more information out of it."

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A little after 5 o'clock it had grown quite dark, and the guard was just looking over his invoices and other papers when an extraordinary thing happened. The old clergyman in the next compartment, who had been apparently dozing, woke up, made sure that the green goggles on his nose were firmly fixed, remarked to Nurse Clarke, much to the astonishment of Cyril, that it was getting time to do the job, drew out a revolver and examined it, put it back in his side pocket, opened the door, and deliberately got out on the foreboard. Cyril darted forward, but was seized with a strong arm by the nurse, and felt a handkerchief, with a peculiar faint smell pressed over his face. After that he remembered no more.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

AN INTERESTING ARTICLE ON THE SUBJECT OF FACIAL ERUPTIONS.

With Most Women the Trouble is Indigestion—Tincture, Hot Biscuit and Milk—Sample Menu of Some Women's Lunches—Good Food Makes Good Flesh.

There are many more topics of health and beauty that I have thought to add to the subject of facial eruptions. But the demand for information in this line has been so great that I have been obliged to stop at a little less than I had intended. These distressing little spots that come out on the face are caused by various things, but the most common cause is indigestion. Now how much more pleasant it is to have the face clear than to have it covered with these little spots that come out on the face and make it so ugly. And it is so easy to get rid of them. The little lemon juice and a little of the effect is pretty likely to follow along in its train.

With some women the cause is indigestion of some sort or other, on this I have long ceased to marvel, inasmuch as for the last few years I have been in the habit of lunching at various restaurants frequented chiefly by women. I have seen these poor deluded mortals eat pickles and hot biscuit and drink milk at the one time. Another one will eat steaming hot soup and ice cream on top of that. Another will eat chocolate and hot chocolate milk or chocolate or other favorites, and it is no wonder that by mixing all these unwholesome elements the stomach finally rebels.

And so it is not at all surprising that our women are all more or less nervous and indigestion's doors. And their families with them, because surely if a woman cannot make a proper selection for herself she is rather incompetent to select for a whole family, where dispositions vary so greatly. But that was not what I was going to talk about.

It is just as easy to put beautifying food into your stomach if you will but once make up your mind to do it. And what a host of trouble it will save you; not only in cosmetics, but also in doctors' bills. What you eat is the fuel which keeps the engine of life going. Good food makes good strong muscles, pure blood and good, firm, healthy skin. If there are troubles, some little blotches on your face, then mend your eating ways, even though it breaks your heart to give up those indigestible little dainties and pastries that you devote to so religiously.

In place of the pastry and the sweet, and the pickles and the highly-spiced dishes, substitute fruit and vegetables. Save all the quarter and half dollars that you invest in sweets, and instead exchange them for apples, lemons and oranges that will help drive the unsightly pimples and red blotches away. If possible make your entire breakfast of fruit, being careful not to combine the fruit with cereals. If the apples and oranges and peaches and pears do not make active the digestive organs, then go to the druggist and have this harmless and excellent prescription made up: Extract of dandelion, one drachm; powdered rhubarb, q. s. Divide into three and one-half grain pills, and take one every night.

It is the greatest folly to ever think of removing the soft down on the face, that so many inquiries refer to. These soft hairs when removed are sure to be followed by coarser and darker ones. That downy growth is one of the many things that looks "perfectly natural" to the afflicted one, and which are positively injured by others. Never put animal fat, such as lanoline, etc., on your face, as these invigorate the growth of down and superfluous hairs. A good complexion brush and pure soap are excellent cleansers of the skin. Wrinkles on the forehead and about the eyes are successfully removed by a lappy combination of cheerfulness, healthful food, a firm avowal never to pucker up the forehead or second, one-half a pint of milk, in which a pinch of soda is dissolved, is better for the skin than sour milk and lemon. A teaspoonful of ammonia and alcohol (mixed) in a quart of tepid water will make a great difference in an oily skin.

Four lessons in massage: First, a thorough kneading of the entire surface of the face, done with the thumb and forefinger, an exact imitation of the movement used in kneading bread. Second, the wringing or rotary movements for reducing the throat and making the flabby muscles strong. This is done with the thumb and forefingers of both hands, by gently moving them in a circular course. Third, the smoothing movement for erasing crow's-feet, particularly lines between eyes and horizontal lines of the forehead. Smooth the lines over with the fingers precisely as you would smooth the creases out of a wrinkled silk. Fourth, electricity is a most useful accessory to facial massage. A galvanic current of from one to three cells is passed over the face and neck.

The brush to be employed on the face is a soft one of camel's hair, and is used every night. Immerse the brush in warm water, rub the soap on it until you get a good lather, scrub the face for a minute or two, and rinse thoroughly with clean, warm water—Toilettes.

A Loud Interruption.

"I declare, Maria, this is too irritating to be endured. I told you I didn't want to be disturbed, and here somebody has sprung a most infernal clatter on me. What does it mean?"

"There wasn't any clatter, my dear."

"What was it then?"

"Why, I just happened to pass through the room in my new red and yellow shirt waist, that's all."

"Well, don't do it again!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Soldiers' Sweetheart.

An old woman known as "the soldiers' sweetheart" has just died at Berlin. She had gone through the war of 1870 as a vivandiere, and acquired such a love for army life that she thereafter refused to leave her beloved soldiers. She was wounded during the war, and had a choice collection of decorations for her brave deeds. At Berlin she lived near the barracks, and might be seen every day tramping beside the guard when it marched along the Linden to its post at the palace.

Echoes of the War.

The battleship Oregon's trip from New York to Manila was additional proof, if more were needed, of the remarkable traveling qualities of the peerless ship of the navy. The trip was an easy one. It lacked the thrilling features of the run at top speed from San Francisco to Key West. Notwithstanding the long strain to which the ship was subjected when it cast anchor in Jupiter Inlet, Florida, Captain Clark reported the Oregon needed no repairs and was ready for orders. In like manner when she reached Manila Admiral Dewey reported "the Oregon is fit for any duty." There is a record to be proud of. Twice around the Horn, from the Pacific to the Atlantic and back, traversing 30,000 miles of ocean, through tropical and arctic temperatures, and yet everything safe and ship-shape. No other vessel of the navy can approach that record.

How She Conquers.

When women sigh for costly things they drop silly hints to men. And, later on, resort to tears. And have their wishes then; For woman never gives it up. No matter where or when. And if at first she can't succeed, She'll cry, cry again.

Sweet woman always has her way In bidding a thing to be done. At first she says "all right" may be, But don't her little plan. Yet, soon or late her tears appear, And he is beaten then. For if at first she can't succeed, She'll cry, cry again.

—Pittsburg Courier-Telegraph.

IN BOSTON MARKETS

Price of Hay Is Unsettled Owing to Country Production.

Boston, May 24.—The hay situation on this city, today, and prices are unsettled. The reaction, buyers have not yet decided, and are holding off for further information. Hay is not so plentiful as it was some time ago.

The market for hay is not so plentiful as it was some time ago. The reaction, buyers have not yet decided, and are holding off for further information. Hay is not so plentiful as it was some time ago.

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SHIRT WAISTS
ARE NOW READY.

POQUE, PERCALE, GINGHAM
AND CALICO.

Prices 50 Cents to \$3.00.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

THE ORIENT
Guarantee

"We agree with the purchaser of each ORIENT bicycle to make good by repair or replacement when delivered at our factory during the current year, transportation prepaid, any imperfection or defect in material or manufacture of such bicycle, etc."

Compare this with the guarantee of any other wheel on the market.

LIGHT ROADSTER, \$50.00.

PHILBRICK'S
BICYCLE STORE.
FRANKLIN BLOCK,
Portsmouth, N. H.

Stoddard's
Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handsomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Islington Street.....	\$10,000
Union Street.....	5,000
Middle Street.....	5,000
Vaughan Street.....	6,000
Middle Street.....	6,000
Sherburne Road.....	4,000
Richards Avenue.....	2,500
State Street.....	3,300
State Street.....	3,000
Daniel Street.....	3,000
Bridge Street.....	2,500
Tanner Street.....	2,500
Madison Street.....	2,000
Mt. Vernon Street.....	1,200
Westworth Street.....	1,200
Sparhawk Street.....	1,000
Jefferson Street.....	1,000
Warren Street.....	1,000
School Street.....	1,000
Dearborn Street.....	1,000
Water Street.....	1,000
Stark Street.....	1,000
Clifton Street.....	900

and many others in Newcastle, Kittery, Green

FARMS in large variety. House, Lots all sizes and prices.

Tobey's Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street.

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED
7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.

They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made Sumatra wrapper and long Havana filler. For sale by all first class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
FRED S. WEADELL, J. H. SWATT,
Deer and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

THE HERALD.
THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899
AFTER A PARDON.

At the next meeting of the governing board and council to be held on the 31st instant, at Concord, John H. Bartlett, Esq., will present a petition for the pardon of Edward McGarry now confined in the county jail in this city.

McGarry, who is a sailor attached to the U. S. S. Resolute, is serving a six-months' sentence for drunkenness. He is a volunteer and when arrested was enjoying the first real liberty since he enlisted. His term of enlistment expires on the 20th of June next, and if he is compelled to serve out his six months' sentence in jail he will receive a dishonorable discharge. His friends on board ship speak in the highest terms of him and will make every effort to secure his release in time to get an honorable discharge.

THE FINEST IN THE COUNTRY.

Generals Dyerforth and Brazier of the National Command Union Veterans' Union, who arrived in this city on Wednesday were taken in charge by members of the local command and shown the points of interest in and about the city. An hour was spent in looking over the conservatories and grounds at the farm of Hon. Frank Jones, which the gentlemen pronounced the finest they had ever seen made by an individual and in many respects more beautiful than the boulevard gardens in Washington. A visit was also made to the great brewery, Wentworth house and many of the old residences were inspected in the brief time the distinguished visitors were in the city.

MORE LIQUOR RAIDS.

The police were out again on Wednesday, the 24th inst., and made three successful raids. Malt liquors were found at the New Marlboro house, William Dunn's, on Sagamore road, and at the old Plains tavern, run by Andrew Callaghan. The latter place has been raided several times lately and it is understood that an injunction will be placed on the owners of the tavern to stop any further sale of liquor there. The proprietors of the three places will be tried in police court this Thursday evening.

HE PAID THE BILL.

A stable keeper from Newburyport arrived in town yesterday and reported that a traveling pedler who had put his horse up at his stable in Newburyport had departed the day before without paying the bill. He had reason to believe the man was in this vicinity. Assistant Marshal West and the stable man took a drive about the city and met the man whom they were after. He paid the bill rather than have any trouble over it.

IS MY BLOOD PURE?

This is a question of vast importance to all who wish to be well. If your blood is impure you cannot expect good health, unless you begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. This great medicine makes the blood pure and puts the system in good health, cures spring humors and that tired feeling.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, our advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsbains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

INVESTIGATION NOW ON.

Lieut. Washington I. Chambers, U. S. N., of the judge advocate general's office, Washington, with Admiral Reiley as the court, has been taking testimony regarding the grounding of the Raleigh at Charleston. Miss Seavey of this city is officiating as recorder and it will take several days.

NOTICE.

Miss Moses invites her pupils and all who took part in her carnival to Philbrick hall, on Saturday afternoon, May 27th, at two o'clock, for a social dance.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, see the full list of names of those who have taken the CURE, and who have been cured. All groups of 25 or more, CURE guaranteed. Booklet and sample for Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill., New York.

All the healing, balsamic virtues of the Norway pine are concentrated in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

WAS CATHERINE MILLER

God Who Took Laudanum Formerly Worked at Miller's Boarding House.

The girl who took laudanum on the street in Boston on Tuesday and was arrested in last evening's Herald's Catherine Miller who for some months worked at Miller's boarding house near the shoe factory.

The identification was made through reading a description of the girl's clothes, part of which were made for her by Mrs. Miller.

The girl was obtained through an employment agency in Boston and has a mother residing in Vermont. She was a good girl to work but was addicted somewhat to the use of intoxicants.

Catherine left Portsmouth the last week in April and went to Boston. She was described as being a rather pretty girl, thirty-two years of age, dark complexioned and quite short.

A NEAT SUM.

High School Pupils Net \$84.84 by the Production of "The Gypsy Queen."

Last evening the committee having in charge the finances of the cantata "Gypsy Queen" that was produced some weeks ago by the pupils of the High school made the following report: Total receipts both evenings, \$230.49; expenditures both evenings, \$154.65; cash balance, \$84.84.

This money is to be divided, part to go to the Athletic association and the balance toward the library fund.

Principal Brown has given up his private office and the same is to be fitted up into a library.

PURCHASE APPROVED.

Boston & Maine Stockholders Agree To Buy Eastern Railroad.

LAWRENCE, Mass., May 24.—A special meeting of the Boston & Maine stockholders was held here today to take action upon the question of ratifying the agreement of the directors with the directors of the Eastern railroad in New Hampshire, to purchase the latter road. The stockholders approved the purchase by a vote of 110,576 to one. President Tuttle presided at the meeting.

POLICE COURT.

A good sized audience gathered at police headquarters this morning to listen to Judge Emery dispose of five cases.

William H. Dunn, proprietor of the Sagamore house pleaded guilty to keeping malt liquor for sale and was fined \$10, and costs taxed at \$7.90. Paid.

Charles W. Webb, proprietor of the New Marlboro pleaded guilty to keeping malt liquor for sale and paid a fine of 10, and costs taxed at \$7.90.

Andrew Callaghan, proprietor of the Plains Tavern pleaded not guilty to keeping malt liquor for sale. Officers Shannon and West testified to visiting the Tavern and the finding of empty bottles and glasses but no beer. The court deemed the testimony not sufficient to convict and discharged the prisoner.

William Stringer and John Kingsbury pleaded guilty to keeping dogs without a license and on request of dog officer Hodgkins sentence was suspended, the parties having agreed to pay the license.

NOT HIS DOG.

Mr. Charles Assay who was arrested on Wednesday for the alleged concealing of a fox terrier dog, upon which the license had not been paid, feels much aggrieved against dog officer Hodgkins, who he claimed arrested him illegally.

Mr. Assay says the dog in question is the property of Dr. Pope and that that gentleman has paid the license on the animal since the police court hearing of Wednesday, this proving his statement to the court to be true. Mr. Assay says he has been advised not to let the matter rest here.

QUEER ACTING STRANGER.

A well dressed young man apparently about thirty years of age was arrested at the depot this forenoon by Officer Robinson and locked up for safe keeping. The man was either crazy drunk or insane and acted like a wild man. He says Natick, Mass., is his home and that he was with General Shafter's army in Cuba. He wore a regulation army hat.

LIEUTENANT MARIE MORSE BRADLEY.

Marie Morse Bradley of this city has received her commission as Lieutenant in the Salvation Army and left this morning for Bideford to take charge of the corps there.

WALTER PLAYING SECOND.

Walter Woods is now being played regularly at second base on the Louisville team and is putting up quite good ball. He has made but one error in three games.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cassell's Candy Cathartic. 25c or 50c. C. C. C. Co. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

CITY BRIEFS.

In school the other boys with two contrived to spell him down. Today they're making costly plans to welcome him to town.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Several golf clubs are being formed. The straw hat season has at last come.

The rain likewise destroyed a few caterpillars.

The police are giving the liquor dealers a little scare.

When you want to thoroughly enjoy a smoke, try Dowd's Honest Ten Cent Cigar.

A number from this city attended the dance at Riverview hall, Dover Point, last evening.

A little hot sunshine is needed to bring along the wild flowers for Memorial day decoration.

The "S. G." London is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

The trolley wire was stretched over the Christian Shore line of the electric railroad on Wednesday.

Portsmouth was full of strangers on Wednesday and our streets had a decidedly summerish appearance.

The Jackson Express company are to give up their stable on New Vaughan street and board their horses.

At 7 p. m. tonight, if pleasant, the Y. M. C. A. bicycle club will start on a moonlight run to Stratham hill.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

Diphtheria is getting altogether too prevalent in this city and every means should be taken to stamp out the disease.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church are to give a strawberry festival in G. A. R. hall this Thursday evening.

Most of the sailors from the U. S. S. Raleigh are expert bicycle riders and a number can be seen taking a spin every day.

L. B. Dudley of Haverhill, the well known bicycle rider is to manage the Seavey bicycle track at Somersworth this season.

Captain Joseph Coghan of the U. S. S. Raleigh will introduce Chaplain Chidwick at the lecture at Music hall Monday night.

Don't forget the Spalding bicycle, it is made on honor. An honest bicycle at honest prices, \$40, \$50, \$60 and \$75, at 70 Pleasant street. Woods.

The chief electrician on the U. S. S. Raleigh has a large photograph of the battle of Manila bay taken from the walls of Cavite during the fight.

Don't be taken in by spectacle peddlers. If you have any trouble with your eyes, call on C. F. Bussey, optician, 1 High street, opposite North church, Portsmouth, N. H.

A hack belonging to one of the local stable keepers had a wheel come off on Wednesday evening while going out Middle street. No passengers were in the vehicle and no damage was done.

Twenty-five bushels of evergreen from the woods of Newington were delivered at U. V. U. hall on Wednesday evening, to be made into wreaths for Memorial day. Another consignment will be received on Friday.

That dead pig still remains on the South pond shore. The board of health would be doing no more than their duty to cause the removal of this nuisance which cannot help but breed sickness if allowed to remain much longer.

Comrades Marcus M. Collis and True W. Priest went to The Weirs today, to attend a meeting of the executive committee of the New Hampshire Veterans' association to arrange for the annual meeting of the association at The Weirs the last week in August.

John Senter arrived Wednesday at his 94th birthday, but owing to his increased infirmities the event was very quietly observed. Mr. Senter is confined to his bed with his mind much shadowed. His health, which had been good until a few months ago, is now rapidly declining.

A Concord paper says that the letter carriers of the free delivery city post offices of New Hampshire are to meet at Manchester on May 30, for the purpose of organizing a state association, and it is expected that the carriers from Manchester, Nashua, Portsmouth, Dover, Keene, Laconia and Concord will be present.

OFFICERS OF THE RALEIGH DETACHED.

The officers of the Raleigh have been detached. Paymaster Hoop, U. S. N., and pay clerk Harry Lazelle are ordered to Washington, D. C. Surgeon Marshall, Washington; Carpenter Kiley, U. S. N., to Newport News; Lieut. Rodman, U. S. N., to the Albatross; Lieut. Chadwick ordered home; Lieut. H. A. Pearson, U. S. N.; ordered home; Ensign Babbitt to the Texas; Granger Johnson U. S. N., to New York; Surgeon Moore U. S. N., ordered home.

PERSONALS.

J. E. Keenard of Dover was in town today.

Mayor Page was in Boston on Wednesday.

Rev. J. E. Robbins of Dover was here on Wednesday.

Mrs. Arthur Thurlay is passing a few days in Boston.

Hon. John W. Emery was in Rochester on Wednesday.

Miss Alice Sullivan has returned from a visit in New York city.

Mrs. George D. Marey was a visitor in Boston on Wednesday.

Mrs. Thomas Ward was a visitor in Newburyport on Wednesday.

C. S. Murkland of Durham college was a visitor in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. Joseph C. Pettigrew is ill at her home on Islington street with diphtheria.

Hon. John W. Saboron of Saboronville was a visitor in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Jones is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Sinclair, Brookline, Mass.

Miss Josephine W. Page attended the Garland-Piper wedding in Wakefield, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mark Hartford of Manchester, who has been passing a week here, has returned to her home.

Mrs. R. I. Walden and Miss Walden were among the Portsmouth people in Boston on Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry J. Marble of Manchester, who has been visiting here, has gone to Wellington to visit friends.

City Marshal M. J. Healy and wife of Manchester are in town today and called upon Marshal Eastwistle.

E. O. Sessions, traveling representative of a large electric house, made a flying visit to his home in this city on Wednesday.

Max Hetherington, formerly of this city is now located at Briggs' Corner, N. B. He contemplates returning to Portsmouth in the near future.

Editor True L. Norris of the Portsmouth Times and wife went to Concord last evening to attend the funeral of Mr. Norris' mother which will be held there today.

Mrs. S. H. Robie of Franklin Falls, who is in attendance at the State Federation of Women's clubs, is the guest of Capt. and Mrs. F. E. H. Marden, No. 1 Hill street.

MEMORIAL EVENING PROGRAM.

The following is the program of the evening exercises at Music hall on Memorial day:

Reading of Orders and opening remarks by M. M. Collis, president of the evening.

Invocation by Rev. Myron Tyler, chaplain of the evening.

1. Overture, Orpheus

Joy and Philbrick's Orchestra.

2. Chorus, Our Native Land, George F. Wilson

Pupils of the Public Schools, Prof. George D. Whititt, director.

3. Reading, Keenan's Charge, George Payson Lathrop

Miss Lulu Mayo Warner of North Hampton.

4. Chorus, We Love the Heroes, G. F. Wilson

Our Country, G. F. Wilson

Pupils of Public Schools.

5. Selection, Fantasia, tane pictures from the North and South Orchestra.

6. Oration, Hon. Stanson Owen of Laconia

7. Selection, Medley, Popular Kentucky Orchestra.

8. Reading, The Sharpshooters' miss, Frank H. Gassaway

Miss Warner.

9. Trio, Blow Bally Breezes, G. F. Wilson

Pupils of the High School.

10. Reading, Back From the War, T. DeWitt Talmage

Miss Warner.

11. America, by Pupils.

Orchestra and Audience Standing.

The audience are requested to remain standing and not begin to leave the hall until after the benediction by Rev. Myron Tyler.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CAPTAIN COGHAN ORDERED TO DO LAND SERVICE.

Special to the Herald

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Orders have been issued placing the cruiser Raleigh out of commission about the middle of June. Capt. J. B. Coghan, her commander, has been ordered to Puget Sound naval station, as commandant on July 1, relieving Capt. J. J. Green. The other officers on the Raleigh have been ordered home on waiting orders.

Currier & Dunbar's combination meal and lunch tickets are money savers. Call for them at their lunch parlors.

CHANGES AT NAVY YARD

Pay Director Denniston and Pay Inspector Foster Both Detached.

Pay Director Henry M. Denniston, U. S. N., general storekeeper at this navy yard received orders this morning detaching him on the 30th inst. and ordering him to New York in charge of the navy pay office.

Pay Inspector Joseph Foster U. S. N., the pay officer at the yard received orders detaching him from further duty here and ordering him to the U. S. Flag ship New York as fleet paymaster.

Pay Inspector Bellows U. S. N., relieves Pay Director Denniston and Pay Director George Cochran U. S. N., will relieve Pay Inspector Foster.

Pay Director Denniston has been stationed here over three years and no officer has made more friends during his stay. He and Mrs. Denniston will be greatly missed in social circles, where they have been very prominent.

Pay Inspector Foster will have a pleasant duty as the North Atlantic Squadron will cruise in these waters for the next six months.

DIPHTHERIA DEATH.

Laura P., the three year old daughter of Oscar and Emma Johnson died at her home on Court street this morning from an attack of diphtheria. The child had been ill but a few days.

A RETURN RECEPTION.

The officers of the U. S. S. Raleigh are to give a return reception aboard that vessel before she goes out of commission.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's" assurance of health.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Rheumatism—"I was practically helpless from rheumatism in my shoulder. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me and ever since is a household favorite." Mrs. M. E. Powers, 4812 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MUSIC HALL, - MAY 29th.

Auspices of Knights of Columbus.

LECTURE
— BY —
Rev. John P. Chidwick, U. S. N.,
Chaplain of the Battleship "Maine."

—ENTITLED—
"THE LATE WAR AND ITS RESULTS."

Tickets - 35, 50 and 75 cents. Reserved Seats on sale at Grace's, commencing May 16th, at 5:00 a. m.

GET YOUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS OF
O'LEARY, THE TAILOR.
At the Lowest Prices

Suits and Overcoats, \$13 and Up
Pants, \$3.50 " "

Also Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing. Satisfaction and fit Guaranteed.

5 Bridge Street.

M. G. WILEY, M. D.,
Rupture Specialist,
2 MARKET ST., - PORTSMOUTH.

Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays 10 to 12 a. m.

G. E. PENDER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office—13 Pleasant St., Exchange Building
Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Residence—3 Morrill St.

FREEDOM FROM BAGGY KNEES

Is enjoyed by the wearers of trousers made by us and by Scotch friends who don't wear any.

The cut of these garments has much to do with the retention of their shapely appearance. We devote much care to their making and believe our methods and the fit of the Trousers to be unequalled.

Drop in and look at the line of Trousers we are showing. The designs are exclusive and the quality excellent.

JAS. HAUGH,
20 High Street.

The Busy Store
TAYLOR'S.

Each day our business shows the people are finding out we are at the front with better goods and Lower Prices.

Our Candies are received daily from our own manufactory and are strictly pure. Just look in the mammoth display window to get an idea.

J. H. TAYLOR
FAY BLOCK

TANKS.
WIND MILLS
AND PUMPS
Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

Artesian Wells Drilled.
ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.
EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK.

Steam, Hot Water and Hot Air Heating.
PLUMBING AND PIPING.

W.E. Paul
39 to 45 Market St.

GONE ALL TO PIECES.

This man bought a bicycle of a western boss for \$18.75. He wishes he hadn't now. The fellow next him paid \$50 for a NATIONAL, and his neck is safe. We sell NATIONALS.

F. B. PARSHLEY & CO.,
16 CONGRESS ST.

The finest line of cycle sundries and the most up-to-date repair shop in the city.

THE HERALD.
THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899

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SHIRT WAISTS

ARE NOW READY.

PIQUE, PERCALE, GINGHAM
AND CALICO.

Prices 50 Cents to \$3.00.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,

7 Market Street.

THE ORIENT Guarantee

"We agree with the purchaser of each ORIENT bicycle to make good by repair or replacement when delivered at our factory during the current year, transportation prepaid, any imperfection or defect in material or manufacture of such bicycle, etc."

Compare this with the guarantee of any other wheel on the market.

LIGHT ROADSTER, \$50.00.

PHILBRICK'S
BICYCLE STORE.

FRANKLIN BLOCK,
Portsmouth, N. H.

Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH
NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handsomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND
OTHER PARTIES.

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Islington Street.....	\$10,000
Union Street.....	5,000
Middle Street.....	1,000
Vaughan Street.....	6,000
Middle Street.....	6,000
Robertson Road.....	4,500
Richards Avenue.....	3,500
State Street.....	3,500
State Street.....	3,000
Daniel Street.....	3,000
Bridge Street.....	2,500
Tanner Street.....	2,500
Madison Street.....	2,000
Mt. Vernon Street.....	1,700
Westworth Street.....	1,700
Sparhawk Street.....	1,700
Jefferson Street.....	1,500
Warren Street.....	1,500
School Street.....	1,500
Deborah Street.....	1,400
Water Street.....	1,200
Stark Street.....	1,100
Clinton Street.....	900

and many others in Newmarket, Kittery, Green
etc.
FARMS in large variety. House, Lots all
sizes and prices.

Tobey's Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street.

The scarcity and continued high
price of Havana tobacco has had no
effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED
7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.
They have always maintained their
high standard. Strictly hand-made
Sumatra wrapper and long Havana
filler. For sale by all first-class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWEET,
Deer and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN,
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1899.

THE KENNARD WILL CASE.

The most important matter to come up at the present term of supreme court at Alfred with the exception of the murder trial will be the contest over the will of Benjamin Kennard of Kittery assigned for May 21 and involving \$100,000. Mrs. Margaret Goodwin of Exeter, N. H., sister of deceased was left out of the will entirely. Through ignorance of the law an appeal was not entered within the specified time limit therefore two years have elapsed since the death of the deceased. Now she has been granted a hearing. A number of days will be devoted to the trial of this case.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SALE.

The strawberry festival and sale at the Guild rooms of Christ church on Tuesday afternoon and evening was largely attended and the occasion was one of much enjoyment to all. The music furnished by Prof. Geradi, the celebrated harpist, and two violinists, was delightfully entertaining, as was also the musical programme by local talent. The receipts were most liberal and a handsome sum will result for church work.

POLICE NEWS.

Assistant Marshal West and Officer Shanon raided the old Plains tavern on Tuesday afternoon and finding the place doing business took away with them a bottle of malt liquor. The proprietor, Andrew Callaghan, was notified to appear in police court, this Wednesday morning and will be arraigned on three separate charges, one for keeping malt liquor for sale, one for selling malt liquor, and for an assault on Cornelius Leary.

THE SPRING MONTHS

Are most likely to find your blood impure and lacking in red corpuscles which enable it to carry nourishment to the nerves and other organs. Therefore you feel weak, tired and listless and are troubled with spring humors. Relief is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies enriches and vitalizes the blood.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness. Mailed for 25 cents by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

NARROW ESCAPE.

An elderly lady had a narrow escape from death at the depot on Tuesday noon. She tried to board the eleven o'clock train as it was pulling out of the station and was thrown violently to the floor. She narrowly missed going under the wheels and was quickly drawn out of harm's way by several bystanders. The shock made her quite ill and she suffered a number of bruises.

AT THE SALVATION ARMY.

Adjutant Tom Adams, "The Salvation Whitebird," arrived in town on Tuesday and special services were held at the barracks in the evening. The parade previous to the meeting attracted considerable attention, for aside from the music, the ladies were arrayed in white skirts, long red ribbons and regulation bonnets.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, our advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsbains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or money refunded.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

SCRATCH MAN.

Harry Mowe of this city is scratch man in a pool tournament which opened at the Wolfe Tavern in Newburyport last evening. Harry has won several tournaments in Newburyport and is said to be playing in better form than ever before.

TOOK IN AND TAKEN IN.

John Martin took in a tramp at Hampton Sunday and was himself taken in, the fellow leaving with \$15 secured from a bureau drawer. He was about 20 years old, with dark complexion, wearing a blue suit of clothes and a derby hat.

COMPANY A.

The members of Company A met on Tuesday evening for drill and all new recruits signed the enlistment book. The company is fast filling up and will soon have its full complement of men.

All the healing, balsamic virtues of the Norway pine are concentrated in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, nature's own remedy for coughs and colds.

SHE TOOK LAUDANUM.

Her Name May be Either Cronin
or Corey.

And Her Hat Bears the Name of a Well
Known Portsmouth Milliner.

What is thought to have been a most desperate and so far unexplained attempt at suicide occurred last evening at the corner of Concord square and Columbus avenue, Boston, and as a consequence an unknown woman is in a most serious condition at the city hospital in that city from the effects of a large dose of laudanum.

The woman made no scene on the street, but the first known of the case was when she was found unconscious on the sidewalk. The first citizen who discovered her thought it was simply a case of intoxication, because the air held a strong scent of whiskey, and beside the woman was an empty half-pint flask. But an officer who was brought to the spot detected the heavy odor of laudanum, and further search brought to light an empty ounce bottle marked by the poison's name and by the name of a Boylston street drug-gist.

An ambulance was at once summoned and the woman sent to the City hospital. Here at a late hour she had not been roused from the stupor caused by the drug, which it is thought she mixed with the whiskey and drank.

There was enough to have brought death to her in a short time had she not been discovered when she was.

There is absolutely nothing on her clothing which directly tells her home, although through a mark on her hat she may yet be identified. The hat is a velvet one, and inside on a tag is printed "Moorecroft's, Market square, Portsmouth, N. H."

The woman is quite good looking and her clothing was throughout that of a gentlewoman. She is about 30 years old, is 5 feet in height and weighs about 120 pounds.

She wore a wine-colored waist, a black skirt, tan stockings, lace shoes and the velvet hat already referred to. The police are trying to find her residence and name.

Mrs. Moorecroft was seen this morning but could offer nothing to identify the would-be suicide. She said she had sold many hats that would fit the above descriptions this season to parties whom she did not know or had ever seen before. The Boston Journal telegraphed the police here this morning for particulars as to a Cronin or Corey girl. It seems that the unfortunate girl had recovered enough to mumble that her name was Cronin or Corey, her hearers could not distinguish which.

LADIES OF THE NAVY YARD ENTERTAIN.

Officers of U. S. S. Raleigh Tendered a Reception.

The officers and ladies of the navy yard tendered the officers of the U. S. S. Raleigh a reception on Tuesday evening which proved to be the most complete social event yet planned at the yard. The reception was held in the armory hall and surrounded by the various collections of three wars, the young ladies and gentlemen clad in full evening dress danced to the sweet strains of music rendered by the Salem, Mass., Cadet orchestra. The hall was gayly bedecked with bunting, including the flags of all nations, and the affair was one complete success.

All the arrangements were made by the ladies of the yard, and about seventy five well-known people from this city were present. Captain Cogburn and his officers from the Raleigh and also the officers from the Resolute, Potomac, and Piscataqua, were present and were handsomely entertained. The famous silver service of the "Raleigh" did service on this occasion and attracted much attention. Dancing was enjoyed until after midnight and a fine spread was served at intervals during the evening. The ladies of the yard are excellent entertainers and all present voted the affair the most enjoyable of any yet held.

STOCKHOLDERS DAY.

Today is stockholders day on the Boston and Maine railroad and four carloads of Portsmouth people are looking over the bargains in the big department stores of the "Hub." A special meeting of the stockholders will be held in Lawrence today for the purpose of approving a purchase by the company of the road, franchise and property of the Eastern railroad in New Hampshire upon the terms agreed by the directors.

CITY BRIEFS.

Dusty again.
It is quiet in police circles.
Memorial day comes next Tuesday.
The vacation season is fast approaching.
People are planning summer vacations.
The rain likewise destroyed a few caterpillars.
Memorial day programs are being rehearsed in the public schools.
Possibly a little warmer weather would have done good after the rain.
Who you want to thoroughly enjoy a smoke, try Dowd's Honest Tea Cent Cigar.

Frank Donnell of Kittery has purchased another house lot from Charles H. Bartlett.
Lucy Muchmore of this city has been granted on original widow's pension of \$14 a month.

Five sets of trucks for the Portsmouth and Dover electric road cars arrived this morning.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a meeting Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

The board of fire engineers met on Tuesday evening and transacted the regular routine business.

A wedding party of sixteen couples drove here from Dover on Tuesday and dined at the Kearsarge house.

Dover is to have a bicycle road race this year, the date of which has not as yet been definitely determined.

The seeds in the gardens "took a brace," on account of the rain, and are showing up through the ground.

Undertaker H. W. Nickerson sent the body of little Geraldine Gupill to Berwick this morning for interment.

The Yacht club's entertainment on Tuesday evening proved a great treat for the neighbors in that vicinity.

The rain was a bath of beauty for the foliage, and greatly helped the general appearance of the city and country.

Tag Piscataqua came down from Boston this morning having in tow a barge laden with staves for the navy yard.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

A clerk employed in one of our stores has departed for unknown regions leaving his board and room bill unpaid. He belongs in Wyoming Mass.

Don't forget the Spalding bicycle, it is made on honor. An honest bicycle at honest prices, \$40, \$50, \$60 and \$75, at 70 Pleasant street. Woods.

The large locomotives recently put in use by the Boston & Maine have been classed and when in good condition are expected to haul a certain number of tons of freight.

The steamer Mystic got a rope tangled in her propeller on Tuesday afternoon and it hauled her onto the beach near Pumpkin island. She was hauled off and will run today as usual.

ARE THEY PROFESSIONALS?

The Interscholastic Base Ball League Controversy.

The trouble that began brewing in the interscholastic base ball league early in the past week is like Hamlet's ghost, it will not down. The friends of the Somersworth men have repeatedly asserted that they are not playing professionals and that the scholarship standing of the two men is satisfactory. But this as it may, the manager of the Rochester High school team will play the Somersworth's only under protest until this matter is settled. He further claims to be able to prove most conclusively that at least one of the members of the Somersworth team is not what he seems. The secretary has called a meeting of the officers of the league to be held in Dover, next Thursday afternoon and it is hoped at that time this vexed question will receive its quietus. The Rochester team asks fair treatment only and if the charges preferred by them and other members of the league can not be sustained, will accept the decision with good grace and play out the schedule without further agitation of the matter. To an uninterested individual it appears that Ball and Brown, the Somersworth battery, are in a class by themselves, and that class a little too far advanced in base ball for any of their opponents in the interscholastic league. In other words if these men continue to act as the battery for the Somersworth team nothing can prevent the Somersworth from winning the pennant. If these men are playing within the rules and regulations of the league, then Somersworth is fortunate. On the other hand, if they are not entitled to membership, then the unfairness of retaining them is most obvious and a change should be made immediately. Rochester Correspondent Dover Republican.

The best of all pills are BEECHAM'S.

ENTERTAINED THE LADIES.

Portsmouth Yacht Club Show How to Enjoy an Evening.

The handsome new club house of the Portsmouth Yacht club, was the scene of one of the most brilliant social events on Tuesday evening, given in this city this season, the occasion being a reception, entertainment and dance, complimentary to the ladies and a few other invited guests.

The decorations of the interior of the building were grand and were all done under the personal supervision of Mr. James H. Dow. His name is a sufficient guarantee that the effect was fine. By eight o'clock, the hour set for the reception, the spacious club house was thronged with guests most of the ladies appearing in handsome toilets and the gentlemen in full evening dress.

The members of the club are no novices in the art of entertaining but they fairly outdid themselves this time and certainly did give their guests a royal good time.

From eight to nine o'clock the following excellent concert programme was rendered by Conservatory orchestra: soloists, Mr. Eastman and Mr. Parlin; reader, Miss Mildred Murray of Haverhill.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 March, "Charlatan," | Sousa |
| Orchestra. | |
| 2 Reading, Selected, | Miss Mildred Murray. |
| 3 Piccolo Solo, "Eddie Polka," | Cox |
| Mr. Eastman. | |
| 4 Reading, Selected, | Miss Murray. |
| 5 Cornet Solo, | Mr. Parlin. |
| 6 Reading, Selected, | Miss Murray. |
| 7 Selection, "Athlone," | Olcott |
| Orchestra. | |

The auditors were liberal with their applause and never grew tired of showing their pleasure at the conclusion of each piece.

Following the concert dancing was in order, for which Conservatory orchestra also furnished the music. It was after midnight before the last waltz was played and the guests began to think of home.

A fine lunch was served at intermission and added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

The following gentlemen were in charge of the floor during the dance and looked after the wants of their guests: Floor Director, Wm. P. Robinson; Aids, W. C. Cotton, Joseph P. Conner, J. M. Washburne, George R. Newick, John P. Holmen.

The success of the affair was due to the following committee of arrangement: John P. Holmen, H. P. Montgomery, Charles S. Drown, W. P. Robinson, James H. Dow, Charles E. Hatch, George R. Newick.

The Portsmouth Yacht club was organized about a year ago and has grown from a membership of a few enthusiastic yachtsmen to be one of the leading organizations in the city with a membership of over a hundred of our leading citizens.

The officers of the club are: Commodore, John P. Holmen; Vice Commodore, Samuel Pillsbury; Fleet Captain, Charles S. Drown; Messanger, Howard Bartlett; Secretary, W. C. Cotton; Treasurer, J. M. Washburne; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. A. B. Sherburne; Trustees, James H. Dow, William J. Frazier, Andrew P. Wendell, Horace P. Montgomery, J. Louis Harris.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.

Constitution Circle, No. 294, Companions of the Forest of America, gave an enjoyable assembly in Peirce hall on Tuesday evening which was attended by a large and jolly crowd.

Joy and Philbrick's orchestra furnished the music in their usual excellent manner and also gave a short concert preceding the dance.

The grand march was led by Miss Lizzie McCarthy and Mr. James Morrissey and they were followed by some fifty couples.

The following gentlemen were in charge of the floor: Floor Director, Dennis Leahy; Asst. Floor Directors, William Cogan, Michael Cauty; Aids, William J. Kelly, Thomas Moran, John Meagan, Michael Leary, P. E. Kane, John T. Leahy.

EX-SENATOR BLAIR IN TOWN.

Hon. Henry W. Blair arrived in town on Tuesday evening and called on a number of well-known republican leaders. To a Herald man he talked on various subjects and incidentally mentioned that he would not refuse an election to a seat in the United States senate. He has hosts of warm friends here.

PARKS MURDER TRIAL.

The trial of Frank Parks for the murder of Mary E. Tarlton will be held the first week in June.

Currier & Dunbar's combination meal and lunch tickets are money savers. Call for them at their lunch parlors.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Boatswain Norcott, U. S. N., of the Potomac, who arrived here on the Raleigh, received his warrant on Wednesday.

Miss Sarah Searcy is taking the testimony before the board on the grounding of the Raleigh.

Six joiners and two helpers were required on the yard Tuesday.

It will take ten days to transfer the stores of the Raleigh.

Mrs. Eaton, wife of Captain J. G. Eaton of the Resolute was a visitor to the yard on Tuesday.

A SHOCK TO HIS FRIENDS.

The sudden death of F. A. Pickering in Newington Tuesday afternoon as related in last evening's Herald, was a shock to that gentleman's relatives and friends in this city. He was thought to be in perfect health and with many more years of life before him.

"Want of Watchfulness

Makes the Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. But if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health. The one effective, natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Disordered Blood—"My father has long been troubled with disordered blood and weak back. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and healthy; he works every day." A. S. Wykes, S. Easton, Pa.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures my humor and is excellent as a nerve tonic." Josie Eaton, Stafford Springs, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LATEST DESIGNS IN WALL PAPERS FOR 1899.

JOSEPH E. HOXIE,
PAINTER & DECORATOR

Cor State and Pleasant Sts., invites the public to examine his large line of wall paper and borders before purchasing elsewhere.

We execute everything in the painting and decorative line and do our work to the satisfaction of our customers.

Estimates Cheerfully Given
TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

GET YOUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS OF

O'LEARY, THE TAILOR

At the Lowest Prices

Suits and Overcoats, \$13 and Up
Pants, \$3.50 " "

Also Cleaning, Repairing and Pressing. Satisfaction and fit Guaranteed.

5 Bridge Street.

Buy Now!

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagon, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,
Stone Stable - Fleet Street

G. E. PENDER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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